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153 GRANVILLE STREET.

Society Notes.

"Lady Jane," has apparently taken a leaf out of our book, in her remarks about the exclusive young lady whose mamma didn't think it proper to dance at the Academy. My lady does not, however, quite emphasize the point. We can quite conceive of people not liking their daughters to act in public,—we have even known several most estimable mammas of a puritanical way of thinking, who did not approve of their sons—much less their daughters—dancing in a private drawing-room. What we cannot conceive is how any well-bred young lady can say so. Truth is a most excellent thing, but in society (alas!) the person who cannot equivocate is worse than a liar. If twenty equally modest young ladies decide to take part in a certain performance, it is not for two or three exceptions to stand in judgment of them by announcing that they cannot do it themselves, because they do not think it proper. Let them have a previous engagement, develop a weak ankle, or express doubt to their ability to learn the part; and then if anybody comes to suspect the real reason, it will stand a chance of being respected instead of being laughed at.

It isn't always the mammas who are so very fastidious in this respect. Let a girl once get engaged, and she will find she has to deal with someone whose opinions are inclined to be extreme—for a little while: and to be on the safe side, she must consider his foibles as well as mamma's.

It seems to be a very open question whether strangers who meet in the course of their afternoon calls should be introduced or not. There are many cases, of course, where it is inadvisable; but as a standing rule, unless the hostess knows some reason to the contrary, it is better taste on her part to introduce her visitors. This is especially the case when there are only three or four people in the room: most ladies make it a rule to introduce new arrivals in Halifax, but very few go beyond this; and the result is that conversation is often brought to a sudden standstill by the entry of a stranger, who sits as long as he can stand it, hardly knowing whether he has the right to address anyone except the hostess. On rising to go after such a trying interview, a well-bred man should ignore his hostess' lack of manners, and say good bye to the other visitors; and if any one of them has the rudeness not to return the salute, he should remember him as a man not worth knowing; for this is an insult both to the hostess and to the departing guest.

Halifax must be an insignificant place when even the New York "World" has not heard of it. We must hide our heads and weep, for this is what I find in the above mentioned paper: "The Annex No. 4 takes the place of the Annex No. 2, which was sold to the Dartmouth Steamship Company. That ill-fated craft, it will be remembered, was bought to ply across the beautiful harbor from Annapolis to St. John. She was regarded by the blue-noses with such curiosity that hundreds of people flocked to see her when she arrived last summer. The pier on which they were gave way, precipitating scores of them into the water, with deplorable loss of life."

The leading article in the "Evening Mail" of December 31st was lovely. As it borders on our field, we may be allowed to criticise it. The gentleman who wrote wonders, who originated the Polish fashion of full dress at levees, and the custom of having a private entree, exist, nowhere but here. What wonderful knowledge of the world that displays. We refer him to the Court Guide before he starts out on society leaders again.

We congratulate the Dalhousie students on their change of manner of celebrating "George Munroe" day by an "At Home," instead of a dinner; it will give a large number of people a chance of assembling at the celebration, and also of seeing the interior of the handsome building. It was proposed, we believe, by

the young and frivolous members, to have a dance, but the older, more staid and serious ones, squashed it, and so it remains an "At Home."

This week, things have been rather quiet after the Christmas and New Year festivities. The weather has been against all outdoor enjoyments. Not enough snow to make either good sleighing or tobogganing, but there was a report that the Red Caps intended tramping along Hollis Street one night. Therefore, the rink has been the one and only way of indulging in what are called by some glorious winter sports. The private afternoons are more largely attended this year than they ever have been,—at least it seemed so. The rehearsal of the Minuet on Tuesday could hardly have been called a success, but we have no doubt that in time it may be very pretty, especially with suitable costumes.

Mr. Harry Chipman and Mr. J. D. Ritchie left in the *S. S. Halifax* for Boston on Wednesday morning.

Lieut. Grant, R. N., arrived here in the *Alpha* on Tuesday from Bermuda on his way to England.

Mr. R. Chipman has left the city for McGill College, Montreal.

Mr. J. E. Chipman returned from England in the *Sarnia* on Sunday, having had a remarkably quick trip. He is in his old quarters at Hillside Hall.

Mr. R. Moren is back from St. John. He is now fortified for a month or two's residence in Halifax.

Mrs. George Macleod gave a dance at her house in South Park street on Tuesday. All present enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

Mrs. Taylor, of Tobin street, and her daughter, Mrs. W. Curry, of Windsor, sail for Bermuda in the *Alpha* on the 15th instant. Mrs. Curry goes south for the benefit of her health, and takes two children with her. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Arthur Curren and the Misses Lithgow, who will proceed to Jamaica for the exhibition. We wish the party "*Bon Voyage!*"

The dance to be given to-night by the members of the Red Cap Snow-Shoe Club should be a great success. We are informed that some 250 have accepted invitations. The Freemason Hall has been decorated in a manner that reflects great credit upon the committee who have had the matter in hand. Amerino's string band will provide the music, and the catering is in the hands of Street, a guarantee that it will be perfect. The floor is in good condition, and all things point to an enjoyable dance.

With regret we record the death of Mr. James Zohrab, who spent his lifetime in the British Consular Service. Though he only recently came to reside here, he had made many friends, who will now miss him.

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A large number of children were entertained at St. Luke's Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, when the children of St. Alban's and St. Luke's Sunday schools had their annual treats. The prizes to the Cathedral choir boys were distributed on Wednesday, being won by Masters Percy Taylor, Benjamin Bowman and Alexander Cameron.

Mr Mather Almon, Jr., after spending Christmas at Maplewood, will leave town shortly for Virginia.

A very pleasant card party was given by Mrs. Abbott at her residence in Hollis Street on Saturday evening last.

The Rev. W. B. King has left for New York on urgent church affairs. Mr. King will be absent a week or ten days.

The engagement has been announced of Mr. Kent, of the Royal Engineers, to Miss Tiffany of Washington.

Mrs. Hutchings, Queen St., had an "At Home" on Tuesday, more than a hundred accepting her invitation.

Capt. Hon. Jeffrey Vereker has been re-appointed to the Royal Horse Artillery, and leaves here for England on Saturday.

Captain C. H. Alexander, R. A., has been gazetted Inspector of Warlike Stores at this station, vice Colonel Will, R. A., whose 5 years tenure of the appointment has elapsed. Captain Alexander is expected out from England this month, and is to be married before he starts. Another bride for Halifax!

Mrs. Crowe gave a very pleasant little euchre party at Hillside Hall on Wednesday evening. The ladies' booty prize fell to Mrs. McGhee, of St. John's.

From Bermuda we hear that the civilians gave a dance at the Princes Hotel, Hamilton, on New Year's Day, at which Prince George, Admiral Watson, the Governor, the Guards, and the Navy and Army officers, were present. A fancy dress ball was arranged to take place last night. Every Tuesday evening the Hamilton Hotel is the scene of a little "hop." Our correspondent says that Christmas day was the most beautiful day he has seen, and makes our mouths water when he talks of the temperature being 79 F.

Mr. Edmundston, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Montreal, is in the city on sick leave.

Mr. Whitlock, of London, England, is once more in the city, and has taken up his quarters at the Halifax Hotel.

Mr. Frank Hope, who has resigned his appointment in the Halifax Banking Company, sails in the *S. S. Circassian* for his Derbyshire home to-morrow. What will his many friends among the fair sex do now, poor things! Perchance, he may return to them.

The Academy of Music ought to be better patronized even than it is, though the management have had very little to complain of so far. When we consider the remarkably low prices charged, and the convenience of the house, we cannot help feeling ourselves better off than we should be in any town of the same size on the other side of the water. The Lytell Company have many strong points, and are well worth seeing; it should be remembered that we shall not have them—or their equals, perhaps—with us very long, and those who wish to while away an evening in this dull season of the year cannot do better than put it in at the Academy.

A new "fair contributor" made her appearance in the *Mail* on Wednesday, under the rather appropriate name of "Gaseous." While there is a certain amount of common-sense in some of her remarks, we cannot congratulate her on any display of tact in the

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wording of them. For example, it is all right enough to say that you do not believe in children's dances, because they tend to bring on a feeling of weariness almost before the girls are properly speaking "out"; it is quite another thing to start your remarks by saying that you "preferred your armchair pulled close to the glowing coals" to going out to the dance, which you choose to make the text of your little sermon. For if you *were* really invited it does not show a very great degree of refinement to intimate in a daily paper that you didn't care to go; and if you *were* invited—which is much more probable—you are a snob of a very high order to pretend you were.

BEDFORD NOTES.—Christmas and New Year's Day passed very pleasantly at the hotel. The children being entertained with a large Xmas tree, Mr. Santa Claus himself appearing in person to present the numerous presents; no one being forgotten. The guests enjoyed a real old-fashioned English dinner, table being served with all the courses, and a steaming punch of hot lemonade before retiring.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were the recipients of a very handsome piece of plate from the resident guests of the house, Major Bagot presenting the same on behalf of the guests with a neat speech. Mr. Morrison returning thanks (more hot lemonade).

The children of the Church of England Sunday school gave an entertainment in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening. The dialogues, readings, etc., rendered by the little ones, reflected great credit on the indefatigable exertions of Mrs. A. B. Wilmore in getting up so successful an entertainment. After three cheers for the rector, and the singing of the Doxology by the assembly the meeting came to a close.

A rink has been cleared on the ice in front of the hotel, and will be kept cleared the whole winter by the proprietor for the benefit of his guests.

Ice now averages 7 inches thick clear to the island.

Master Browne, son of Surgeon-Maj. Browne, left for England on the Vancouver.

Miss Evelyn Morrison leaves to-day for the new Church of England girls' school at Windsor.

BERNIE.

HOCKEY.—Our Montreal correspondent says that the hockey season is just beginning, and promises an analysis of the rules of the Montreal game, which differs considerably from ours. The only important match so far was played on Wednesday last week, when McGill University beat the Montreal A. A. C.

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DR. SCANDS:—Mrs. Smith, I understand your husband is suffering from a Cornucopia.
MRS. SMITH:—Suffering, why he is delighted with it. He wears it in his scarf!

TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.)
Sister, I mean see your ring.
HIS SISTER:—Why Tommy?
TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it.

Call and get a Gold or Silver Wish-bone Pin, \$1.00 to \$5.00, and 2, 3, 4, 5 strand Fine Silver Cut Bangles. Gold ones with Moon Stone.

The Ladies' Column.

COOKERY NOTES.

An elaborate dinner is one of the incidents of civilization. To men who spend their day riding and hunting, a good dinner means plenty of well-cooked, solid meat; but the average man of more or less sedentary pursuits, should aim at getting as much nourishment as possible in the lightest forms. And it is in this way that the growth of cookery as a fine art has become synonymous with the advance of civilization, and the mastery of intellect over brute force. This sounds rather high-flown, but it is true, all the same. To come to the point, here is our first very enjoyable, and fairly digestible DINNER.

MENU.

Oysters on the shell.
 Crouste-au-Pot.
 Salmi of Duck, with Olives.
 Mashed Potatoes. Celery, with Cream.
 Calves' Head with Bacon. Brain Sauce.
 Pineapple Pudding a la Richelieu.
 Calves' Foot Jelly. Stilton Cheese.
 Coffee and Dessert.

Oysters are served in many ways, but I think it is a sin to take them off the shell,—except, perhaps, for soup or sauce. Serve half-a-dozen on each plate, nicely arranged with half-quarters of lemon.

CROUTE-AU-POT.—Take two carrots cut in round slices, one turnip, cut the same, adding a few pieces of celery and half a quarter of chopped up cabbage; stew for 10 minutes in covered saucepan with 2 oz. butter; then add 3 pints white broth, half a table-spoonful of salt and a tea-spoonful of pepper. Boil well for 30 minutes, and serve with pieces of dry toasted rolls.

SALMI OF DUCKS WITH OLIVES.—Procure 2 fine ducks, single draw, wipe neatly, and cut off legs, wings and breasts; put the 2 carcasses in a saucepan, sprinkle with a little salt, and put in the oven to cook for 6 minutes; remove and hash them up. Put back into saucepan with one pint of white broth, and a small bouquet, and let cook on a moderate fire for fifteen minutes. Put an ounce of butter in a sautoire, lay in wings, legs and breast, season with a pinch of salt and half a pinch of pepper: cook on a very brisk fire for 3 minutes on each side, then add half a glass full of Madeira wine, half a pint of white (preferably Espagnole) sauce and the juice of a lemon; strain the gravy of the carcasses over, and add half a pint of stoned and parboiled olives, and let all cook again for fifteen minutes. Decorate with six heart-shaped croutons of fried bread and serve.

CALF'S HEAD PLAIN.—Plunge a fine, fresh, white Calf's head into hot water for one minute, lift it up—sharply rub it all over with a course towel, so as to remove all the remaining hairs. Carefully cut the flesh, starting from the centre of the head, right down to the nostrils. Then, with a very keen knife, bone it from the top to the base on both sides. Place in a saucepan 2 table-spoons of flour, 1 gill of vinegar, 1 medium sized, well cleaned sliced carrot, one sound peeled onion, 18 whole peppers, and 2 pinches of salt, pour in very gradually 2 quarts of cold water, briskly stirring meanwhile until all is added. Cut up half the head into 6 equal pieces; add to the broth, as also the other whole half. Let all cook together on a moderate fire for 1 hour and a half. Lift up the pieces, and half head, place the pieces on a dry napkin. Have ready a folded napkin on a hot dish, neatly dress

the 6 pieces on to it, decorate with parsley, and serve with brain sauce. Place the remaining whole half in a stone jar, strain the broth over it, and keep in a cool place for any purpose required

CELERY WITH CREAM.—Pare nicely 4 heads of fine celery, and cut into pieces of two inches in length, wash thoroughly and remove from the water with the hands, and lay on a napkin. By so doing no sand will adhere to the celery. Blanch it in boiling water for 5 minutes; remove, drain, and put it in a sautoire with 2 ozs. of butter and one tablespoon of fecula. Stir all well together, and moisten with half a pint of stock. Cook and reduce the whole for 20 minutes; when done thicken with 2 beaten egg yolks, diluted in 3 table-spoons of cream, and add the third of a pinch of grated nutmeg. Serve garnished with croutons.

PINE APPLE PUDDING A LA RICHELIEU.—Boil in a saucepan 2 gills of milk, adding 2 ozs. of fresh butter; let melt well. Have half a pound of flour and the spatula ready. Drop the flour in, and stir as briskly as possible for 2 minutes; remove from the fire, add 3 egg yolks, and stir again vigorously for 2 minutes more; drop in 3 ounces of powdered sugar, continue stirring for 1 minute, then pour in a gill of cold milk, mixing well. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of 3 eggs, and add gradually to the preparation, mixing slowly for 2 minutes. Butter and sugar a mould holding 3 pints; put a layer of the preparation half an inch thick at the bottom, cover with 2 ozs. of fine slices of stewed pine apple, then another layer of the preparation, again the pine apple, and repeat twice more. Place the mould in a tin pan, fill to half the height of the mould with warm water, and set in the oven to steam for 1 hour. Remove, and with a towel turn it on a hot dessert dish, and serve with a sauce bowl of sauce (preferably, Sauce au Kirsch).

Countryman (to dentist): "I wouldn't pay nothin' extra for gas. Jest pull her out, if it does hurt."

Dentist: "You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth."

Countryman: "Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."

Kind Old Lady: "What's the matter, little boy."

Little Boy (crying bitterly): "I lost a penny."

Kind Old Lady (giving him a penny):

"Well, here is a penny more for you; don't cry. How did you lose it?"

Little Boy (feeling better): "I lost it playing pitch an'toss."

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THE COURSE OF THE ROSY CROSS.

On the 3d of December, 1861, Dr. Otto von Hopstein, Regius Professor of Comparative Anatomy of the University of Buda-Pesth, and Curator of the Academical Museum, was foully and brutally murdered within a stone's throw of the entrance to the college quadrangle.

Besides the eminent position of the victim and his popularity among both students and town-folk, there were other circumstances which excited public interest very strongly, and drew general attention throughout Austria and Hungary to this murder. The Pesther Abendblatt of the following day had an article giving a succinct account of the circumstances under which the crime was committed and the peculiar features in the case which puzzled the Hungarian police.

"It appears," said that very excellent paper, "that Professor von Hopstein left the University about halfpast four in the afternoon, in order to meet the train which is due from Vienna at three minutes after five. He was accompanied by his old and dear friend, Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger, sub-Curator of the Museum and Privat-docent of Chemistry. The object of these two gentlemen in meeting this particular train was to receive the legacy bequeathed by Graf von Schulling to the University of Buda-Pesth. It is well known that this unfortunate nobleman, whose tragic fate is still fresh in the recollection of the public, left his unique collection of mediæval weapons, as well as several priceless black-letter editions, to enrich the already celebrated museum of his Alma Mater. The worthy Professor was too much of an enthusiast in such matters to intrust the reception or care of this valuable legacy to any subordinate, and, with the assistance of Herr Schlessinger, he succeeded in removing the whole collection from the train, and stowing it away in a light cart which had been sent by the University authorities. Most of the books and more fragile articles were packed in cases of pine-wood, but many of the weapons were simply done round with straw, so that considerable labor was involved in moving them all. The Professor was so nervous, however, lest any of them should be injured that he refused to allow any of the railway employes to assist. Every article was carried across the platform by Herr Schlessinger, and handed to Professor von Hopstein in the cart, who packed it away. When everything was in, the two gentlemen, still faithful to their charge, drove back to the University, the Professor being in excellent spirits, and not a little proud of the physical exertion which he had shown himself capable of. He made some joking allusion to it to Reinmaul, the janitor, who with his friend Schiffer, a Bohemian Jew, met the cart on its return, and unloaded the contents. Leaving his curiosities safe in the storeroom and locking the door, the Professor handed the key to his sub-curator, and, bidding every one good-evening, departed in the direction of his lodgings. Schlessinger took a last look to reassure himself that all was right, and also went off, leaving Reinmaul and his friend Schiffer smoking in the janitor's lodge.

"At eleven o'clock, about an hour and a half after Von Hopstein's departure, a soldier of the 14th regiment of Jager, passing the front of the University on his way to barracks, came upon the lifeless body of the Professor lying a little way from the side of the road. He had fallen upon his face with both arms stretched out. His head was literally split in two halves by a tremendous blow, which, it is conjectured, must have been struck from behind, there remaining a peaceful smile upon the old man's face, as if he had been still dwelling upon his new archaeological acquisition when death had overtaken him. There is no other mark of violence upon the body except a bruise over the left patella, caused probably by the fall. The most mysterious part of the affair is that the Professor's purse, containing forty three gulden, and his valuable watch have been untouched. Robbery cannot, therefore, have been the incentive to the deed, unless the assassins were disturbed before they could complete their work.

"This idea is negatived by the fact that the body must have lain at least an hour before anyone discovered it. The whole affair is wrapped in mystery. Dr. Langemann, the eminent medical jurist, has pronounced that the wound is such as might have been inflicted by a heavy sword-bayonet wielded by a powerful arm. The police are extremely reticent upon the subject, and it is suspected that they are in possession of a clue which may lead to important results."

Thus far the Pesther Abendblatt. The researches of the police failed, however, to throw the least glimmer of light upon the matter. There was absolutely no trace of the murderer, nor could any amount of ingenuity invent any reason which could have induced any one to commit the dreadful deed. The deceased Professor was a man so wrapped in his own studies and pursuits that he lived apart from the world, and had never raised animosity in human breast. It must have been some fiend, some savage, who loved blood for its own sake, who struck that merciless blow.

Though the officials were unable to come to any conclusion upon the matter, popular suspicion was not long in pitching upon a scapegoat. In the first published accounts of the murder the name of one Schiffer had been mentioned as having remained with the janitor after the professor's departure. This man was a Jew, and Jews have never been popular in Hungary. A cry was at once raised for Schiffer's arrest; but as there was not the slightest grain of evidence against him, the authorities very properly refused to consent to so arbitrary a proceeding. Reinmaul, who was an old and most respected citizen, declared solemnly that Schiffer was with him until the startled cry of the soldier had caused them both to run out to the scene of the tragedy. No one ever dreamed of implicating Reinmaul in such a matter; but still, it was rumored that his ancient and well-known friendship for Schiffer might have induced him to tell a falsehood in order to screen him. Popular feeling had run very high upon the subject, and there seemed a danger of Schiffer's being mobbed, when an incident occurred which threw a different light upon the matter.

On the morning of the 12th of December, just nine days after the mysterious murder of the Professor, Schiffer, the Bohemian Jew, was found lying in the north-western corner of the Grand Platz stone dead, and so mutilated that he was hardly recognizable. His head was cloven open in very much the same way as that of Von Hopstein, and his body exhibited numerous deep gashes, as if the murderer had been so carried away and transported with such fury that he had continued to hack the lifeless body. Snow had fallen heavily the day before, and was lying at least a foot deep all over the square; some had fallen during the night, too, as was evidenced by a thin layer lying like a winding-sheet over the murdered man. It was hoped at first that the circumstance might assist in giving a clue by enabling the footsteps of the assassin to be traced; but the crime had been committed in a place much frequented during the day, and there were tracks in every direction.

In this case there was exactly the same impenetrable mystery and absence of motive which had characterized the murder of Professor Von Hopstein. In the dead man's pocket was found a note-book containing a considerable sum in gold, and several very valuable bills, but no attempt had been made to rifle him. Schiffer lodged with a widow named Cruga, at 49 Marie Theresa Strasse, and the evidence of his landlady showed that he had remained shut up in his room the whole of the preceding day in a state of deep dejection, caused by the suspicion which the populace had fastened upon him. She had heard him go out about eleven o'clock at night for his last and fatal walk, and as he had a latch key she had gone to bed without waiting for him. His object in choosing a late hour for a ramble was that he did not consider himself safe if recognized in the streets.

The occurrence of this second murder so shortly after the first threw not only the town of Buda-Pesth, but the whole of Hungary into a terrible state of excitement and even terror. Vague dangers seemed to hang over the head of every man. There were so many

resemblances between the cases of Von Hopstein and of Shiffer that no one could doubt that there existed a connection between the two. The absence of object and of robbery, the utter want of any clue to the assassin, and, lastly, the ghastly nature of the wounds evidently inflicted by the same or a similar weapon, all pointed in the one direction. Things were in this state when the incidents which I am now about to relate occurred, and in order to make them intelligible I must lead up to them from a fresh point of departure.

Otto Von Schlegel was a younger son of the old Silesian family of that name. His father had originally destined him for the army, but at the advice of his teachers, who saw the surprising talent of the youth, had sent him to the University of Buda-Pesth to be educated in medicine. Here young Schlegel carried everything before him. Though a hard reader he was an active, powerful young fellow, full of animal spirit and vivacity, and extremely popular among his fellow students.

The New Year examinations were at hand, and Schlegel was working hard—so hard that even the strange murders in the town failed to turn his thoughts from his studies. Upon Christmas Eve, he refused all of the many invitations to roasting suppers which were showered upon him, and went off with his books under his arm to the rooms of Leopold Strauss, to work with him into the small hours of the morning.

Strauss and Schlegel were bosom friends. Their affection had become proverbial in the University. Strauss was almost as distinguished a student as Schlegel, and there had been many a tough struggle for academic honors between the fellow-countrymen, which had only served to strengthen their friendship.

The friends were still working together, when the deep toned bell of St. Gregory's struck twelve.

"Hark to that!" said Schlegel, snapping up the book and stretching out his long legs toward the cherry fire. "Why, it's Christmas morning, old friend! May it not be the last that we spend together!"

"May we have passed all these confounded examinations before another one comes!" answered Strauss, and with a smile on his honest South German face, he pulled out a long-necked bottle of Rhenish from among a pile of books and bones in the corner.

"It is a night to be comfortable indoors," said Otto von Schlegel, looking out. "Good health, Leopold!"

"*Lebe hoch!*" replied his companion. "It's a comfort indeed to forget sphenoid bones and ethmoid bones."

"What's the news among the students?" asked Strauss.

"They talk, I believe, of nothing but the murders. But I have worked hard of late, as you know, and I hear but little of the student's gossip."

"Have you had time," inquired Strauss, "to look over the books and the weapons which our dear old Professor was so concerned about the very day he met his death?"

"I saw them to-day," said Schlegel, lighting his pipe. "Reinhold, the janitor, showed me over the store-room, and I helped to list many of them from the original catalogue of Graf Schulling. As far as we can see, there is but one article missing of all the collection."

"One missing!" exclaimed Strauss. "That would grieve old Von Hopstein's ghost. Is it of value?"

"It is described as an antique hatchet, with a head of steel and a handle of chased silver. We have applied to the railway company, and no doubt it will be found."

"I trust so," echoed Strauss; and the conversation drifted off into other channels. The fire was burning low and the bottle of Rhenish was empty before the two friends rose, and Von Schlegel prepared to part.

"Ugh! It's a bitter night!" he said, standing on the doorstep and folding his cloak round him. "Why, Leopold, you have your cap on. You are not coming?"

"Yes, I am going with you," said Strauss.

The two students went down Stephen Strasse together and across Julien Platz, talking on a variety of topics.

As they passed corner of the Grand Platz, however, where Soiffer had been found dead, the conversation turned naturally upon the murder.

"Here's where they found him," remarked Otto.

"Perhaps the murderer is near us now," said Strauss.

They both turned to go, when Von Schlegel gave a sudden cry of pain and stooped down.

"Something has cut through my boot!" he cried; and feeling about with his hand in the snow, he pulled out a small glistening battle-axe, made apparently entirely of metal. It had been lying with the blade turned slightly upward, so as to cut the foot of the student.

"The weapon of the murderer!" he ejaculated.

"The silver hatchet from the museum!" cried Strauss.

There could be no doubt that it was both the one and the other. There could not be two such curious weapons, and the character of the wounds was just such as would be inflicted by a similar instrument. The murderer had evidently thrown it aside after committing the dreadful deed, and it had lain concealed in the snow some twenty metres from the spot ever since. It was extraordinary that of all the people who had passed and repassed none had discovered it; but the snow was deep, and it was a little off the beaten track.

"What are we to do with it?" said Von Schlegel. He shuddered as he noticed by the light of the moon that the head of it was all dabbled with dark-brown stains.

"Take it to the Commissary of Police."

"He'll be in bed now. Still, I think you are right. But it is nearly four o'clock. I will wait until morning, and take it round before breakfast. Meanwhile I must carry it with me to my lodgings."

"That is the best plan," said his friend; and the two walked on together talking of the remarkable find which they had made. When they came to Schlegel's door, Strauss said good-by, refusing an invitation to go in, and walked briskly down the street.

Schlegel was stooping down to putting the key into the lock, when a strange change came over him. He trembled violently and dropped the key from his quivering fingers. His right hand closed convulsively round the handle of the silver hatchet, and his eye followed the retreating figure of his friend with a vindictive glare. In spite of the coldness of the night the perspiration streamed down his face. For a moment he seemed to struggle with himself, holding his hand up to his throat as if he were suffocating. Then, with crouching body and noiseless steps, he crept after his late companion.

Strauss was plodding sturdily along through the snow, humming snatches of a student song and little dreaming of the dark figure which pursued him. At the Grand Platz it was forty yards behind him; at the Julien Platz it was but twenty; in Stephen Strasse it was ten, and gaining on him with panther-like rapidity. Already it was almost within arm's length of the unsuspecting man, and the hatchet glittered coldly in the moonlight, when some slight noise must have reached Strauss' ears, for he faced suddenly round upon his pursuer. He started and uttered an exclamation, as his eye met the white set face, with flashing eyes and clenched teeth.

"What, Otto!" he exclaimed, recognizing his friend. "Art thou ill? You look pale. Come with me to my—Ah! hold, you madman, hold! Drop that axe! Drop it I say, or by heaven I'll choke you!"

(Continued on Page 10.)

THINGS SOCIETY READERS CAN DO:

WRITE a note at the public desk without putting the book-keeper to any inconvenience. Get a supply of nice stationery. Buy the best self-feeding Pen in the world. Get an Express Money Order that will be payable almost anywhere in the world. Get a vol. of Music bound so it will open flat and stay there the first time it is used, and wear for years too. And many other things at

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Provincial Notes.

BRIDGEWATER.—Christmas has come and gone, and everything is again *in statu quo*. The most of our shops were very pretty and tastefully arranged and decorated for the season. It is a credit to the town that it has so many merchants with enterprise enough to place before the public a stock of goods so varied and extensive that even the most fastidious are pleased and satisfied.

Christmas day was very quietly spent here. With nearly all it was—as it should be—a day for family reunions and family parties. On Christmas afternoon a special train was run to Lunenburg and back. A good many of our townspeople took advantage of this excursion, and judging by the merriment, the feeling of “having a good time” seemed to rule the day.

I am sorry to say that the good custom of calling on New Year's Day appears to be dying out. But a limited number of our young men seemed to recognize it this year. Social usages, which have a degrading tendency, ought not to be followed, but surely there is no pleasanter or more appropriate custom than that of expressing to our friends on New Year's Day our wishes for their happiness during the coming year.

The young ladies belonging to the different churches gave a reception at Cashon's Hall New Year's night to the young people of the town. An enjoyable programme of music, tableaux and readings was carried out. A most pleasant evening was spent by all present.

Talking of the churches reminds me of another holiday item. The popular pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church was presented by the young people of the congregation with a gold-headed walking stick. Rather a useful present for this kind of weather.

A very successful concert and cantata, under the superintendence of Miss Snyder, was given here last week. One of the most interesting features was the acting and singing of the children in the cantata. The way they went through their parts was most creditable to their teacher.

Mr. E. Brown has resigned his position as agent of the Peoples Bank at Mahone Bay, and has been succeeded by Mr. Bailly.

The river is frozen, and we must do without our steamer till next summer. Until the river opens the “Bridgewater” sails between Lunenburg and Halifax, and connects by rail with Bridgewater.

On part of the river the ice is good for skating, but as yet has only been enjoyed by the ubiquitous small boy, who, by-the-way, is always the first to find out such things. Our new exhibition building could easily be used as a rink, and would make a grand one. The patronage of our young people is assured to anyone who will go ahead with the matter.

I noticed Mr. J. C. Starr, of Kentville, on our streets the other day. There seems to be something connected with the “festive season” that makes us look happy. Queer, isn't it?

Mr. Bedford, General Manager of our railroad, after an extended visit to New York, is back with us again.

The elements did not favour the opening of our “Quadrille Club,” which took place on Friday evening last. Unfortunately the rain poured and the streets were in a dreadful condition. The weather prevented any coming from Lunenburg; although we had some guests brave enough to come from Mahone Bay. Much to the satisfaction of the committee, nearly all the members of the club were present. The dancing was kept up quite late and the evening passed—as such evenings always do—most pleasantly and only too quickly. Taking everything into consideration it was a most successful opening dance. The chaperones were Mrs. W. H. Owen, Mrs. C. V. G. Taylor and Mrs. N. C. Owen. The committee was composed of Misses. G. A. Hunter, Leech and Roberts.

Miss Dustan of Dartmouth, is visiting at the manse with her brother Rev. Mr. Dustan.

I have heard some rumours of a toboggan club. If the weather is going to continue as severe as we have already had this winter, we shall have ample opportunity of enjoying this exciting sport.

In a few days I believe Mr. C. H. Davison and Capt. T. A. Wilson leave on an extended tour through California and British Columbia.

PETE.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—We were not able to print any items from this City last week owing to the most unsettled condition of the mail service. The steamer “Stanley” has been laid up for repairs just when most needed, and the authorities have pleaded all sorts of trifling excuses for the want of mails. One says, it is “stormy,” another “the mails have been sent by the Cape Route,” a third day it is pleaded “Stanley brought sixty passengers but the mail had not yet arrived from Cape Tormentine.” And so we have had six or seven mails this month, but as yet are without our Christmas letters.

Hon. W. Laurier had a practical experience of our wants. He and his party proceeded to Georgetown to cross to the main land. After waiting here for some time, they had to proceed to the Cape, by which route the politicians crossed on Christmas Day. 'Tis said the hon'ble member is prepared to vote all the millions needed to build the Subway.

Hon. L. H. Davis was not able to accompany the party into New Brunswick.

The Chief Justice and Mrs. Sullivan, *en route* to Montreal to spend Christmas with their daughters at school there, were also storm-stayed at Georgetown.

Thus it is that “those in high places” are *sometimes* subjected to the inconveniences which more humble people suffer every day. We are anxious that the Cabinet Ministers one and all should visit us now, we might have a chance to go under the ice; and if they would come again next summer we might see the promised fence around Queen Anne's Gardens.

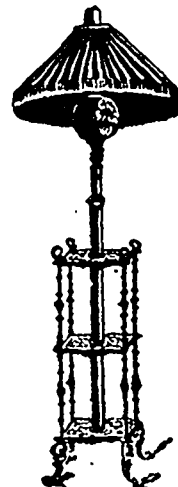
Mr. Justice Peters has been dangerously ill; while not yet relieved of all anxiety the Judge's family and friends do not fear any immediate cause for alarm. The patient's condition is, however, a serious one for a person of eighty years of age.

Christmas was a quiet one. The streets were thronged by reckless drivers rendering moving from place to place dangerous for ladies and feeble or youthful pedestrians.

Mrs. Carvell invited a large party of poor people (partly more or less colored) living near Government House, to a feast on Christmas Eve, and sent each one home refreshed, rejoiced and laden with good things.

For the first time for several years a formallevée is announced for New Year's Day.

This year will pretty well decide whether or not the old custom of New Year's visiting is to be upheld in future—that is to say if the whether be propitious. Of late years the custom has seemed to be gradually dying out, but there have been climatic obstacles which may be absent this year. It is to be expected that as the city grows larger and our friends live further distant from each other, we cannot see so many on New Year's Day. A natural result to be looked for,—and hoped for, is that gentleman will visit more ordinarily, instead of expecting the fairer sex to take a New Year's visit for many which should be paid at other times.



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Our Society

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY, 9TH 1891.

ALL letters and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Cambridge House, Halifax, N. S.

Articles for Friday's issue should be in the Editor's hands by Wednesday evening, but notices of current events can be inserted as late as Thursday afternoon.

Our readers are particularly requested to make a point of sending in at once (or telephoning No. 358.) :-

- (I.) Notices of intended removal, expected arrivals, etc.
- (II.) 'At Home' days, and more especially alterations in the same.
- (III.) News of the whereabouts, etc., of any old friends who have left Halifax.
- (IV.) Recommendations of servants leaving.
- (V.) Advertisements of articles lost or found.
- (VI.) " of articles for sale, etc.

It is hoped that all the Athletic and other Clubs will send in their records, notices, and gossip up to date.

Advertisements under heads (iv.) and (vi.) will not be charged for; but any person who is suited with a servant through the medium of this paper will be expected to pay a fee of 25 cents, and in the same way any person receiving a lost article will be charged 10 cents.

Private advertisements under head (vi.) and others, will be charged to the advertiser at the rate of 5 cents per line.

The rates for business advertisements are :

| | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| 1 inch..... | \$4.00 per quarter |
| 2 "..... | 7.50 " " |
| 3 "..... | 11.00 and so on. |

It is intended to keep the number of pages at 16 in future issues.

Our Society is delivered by hand to subscribers within the city, and mailed to those at the N. W. Arm, or in Provincial towns.

Subscription \$2.40 per annum, post free.

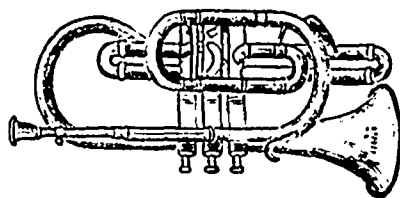
H. BRADFORD,
Business Editor.

OUR Cookery column is getting rather large: but this can't be helped at first, if it is really to be any use to anyone. Later on, when some of the best plain dishes have been discussed, it will be possible to sling in a very decent menu with perhaps only one or two new dishes, and references to back numbers for the rest.

DON'T run away with the idea that we haven't got a Fashion correspondent:—we have several (some of them rather watery, but no matter). Wait till we get one of Mr. Blackburn's new and improved lady artists on the job, and you may be surprised at some of our fancies.

IN the list of chaperones for the Red Cap's ball, Mrs. James Morrow was printed instead of Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow. Really, some of our correspondents are too bad! But still, the only way to get these things perfectly correct is to send an invitation card to our printers:—we will go surety that none of the "devils" take an unfair advantage of any such act of magnanimity.

SOME of the couples in the Rink Minuet got rather mixed up, too. Very funny how these things happen, isn't it? And we can't shelve it onto the printers this time, either: it was an extremely good-natured correspondent who supplied a list of couples without any "Mr." or "Miss," to an editor extremely fatigued after a long New Year's march, who couldn't make out the genders anyhow.



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THE Editorial Column is our confessional: wherein each number is weighed in the balance, and usually—sad to say—found wanting. Of course we don't always confess to our most grievous faults till they are found out, or till we see some way of avoiding them for the future. This has been the case with our portraits: They certainly have not been at all what they should be, and we almost despaired of ever making them better, till last week a defect in the machinery was discovered, and behold! an issue without one imperfect copy. Encouraged by this success, we are trying the bold experiment of issuing large size portraits, of Lord and Lady Stanley, which, we hope, will improve the look of the paper very considerably.

THE Right Hon. Frederick Arthur, Lord Stanley of Preston, G. C. B., is a brother of the present Earl of Derby. He was born in London in 1841, and educated at Eton, entering the Grenadier Guards in 1858, but retired and took to political life in 1865. He was successively a Lord of the Admiralty, Financial Secretary for War, and Secretary of State for War (1878). In Lord Salisbury's government he was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and afterwards President of the Board of Trade, and in 1886 was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Stanley of Preston, Preston being the first town he had represented in Parliament. Lady Stanley was the eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon.

A PLEA FOR THE TELEPHONE OPERATORS.

To the Editor of "Our Society":

DEAR SIR,—I am sure that, using the telephone as much as you do, you will agree with me that the operators at the "Central" drop in for a great deal of undeserved abuse. I fear I myself have used a little strong language every now and then from my end. I trust I was really cut off at the time, little knowing the difficulties they have to contend with at the other. We could not claim to be of English descent if we did not reserve for ourselves the right of a good grumble on emergency, but in this instance we ought, in common fairness, to consider well before doing so. Just because we pay the very reasonable amount charged, for what, in a town of this size in England, even now is considered the greatest luxury, many of us think it the proper thing to slang the unfortunate operator if she keeps us waiting half a minute, or cuts us off in the middle of a long conversation. Through the courtesy of the Manager I was chaperoned over the station of the Telephone Company last week, and when watching, as I did, the working of the affair and the business-like way in which the young ladies attended to their most distracting duties, I felt really sorry for any complaints I may have made, and formed a resolution never to lose my temper again in the future. With your permission, and with the help of the genial manager. I will, in an early issue, write a short article on what is like a certain pen—a boon and blessing to men.

Yours truly, CITIZEN.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

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Crests and Monograms stamped in Colors

Von Schlegel had thrown himself upon him with a wild cry and uplifted weapon, but the student was stout-hearted and resolute. He rushed inside the sweep of the hatchet and caught his assailant round the waist, narrowly escaping a blow which would have cloven his head. The two staggered for a moment in a deadly wrestle, Schlegel endeavoring to shorten his weapon; but Strauss with a desperate wrench managed to bring him to the ground, and they rolled together in the snow, Strauss clinging to the other's right arm and shouting frantically for assistance. It was as well that he did so, for Schlegel would certainly have succeeded in freeing his arm had it not been for the arrival of two stalwart gendarmes attracted by the uproar. Even then the three of them found it difficult to overcome the maniacal strength of Schlegel, and they were utterly unable to wrench the silver hatchet from his grasp. One of the gendarmes, however, had a coil of rope round his waist, with which he rapidly secured the student's arms to his sides. In this way, half pushed, half dragged, he was conveyed to the central police-station.

Strauss assisted in coercing his former friend, and accompanied the police to the station, protesting loudly at the same time against any unnecessary violence, and giving it as his opinion that a lunatic asylum would be more fitting for the prisoner. What did it all mean? It was certain that his old friend from boyhood had attempted to murder him, and had nearly succeeded. Was Von Schlegel then the murderer of Professor von Hopstein and of the Bohemian Jew? Strauss felt that it was impossible, for the Jew was not even known to him, and the Professor had been his especial favorite. He followed mechanically, lost in amazement.

Inspector Baumgarten, one of the most energetic and best known of the police officials, was on duty in the absence of the Commissary. He was a wiry little active man, quiet and retiring in his habits, but possessed of great sagacity and a vigilance which never relaxed. Now, though he had had a six hour's vigil, he sat erect as ever, with his pen behind his ear, at the official desk, while his friend, Sub-Inspector Winkel, snored in a chair at the side of the stove. Even the inspector's usually immovable features betrayed surprise, however, when the door was flung open and Von Schlegel was dragged in with pale face and disordered clothes, the silver hatchet grasped firmly in his hand. Still more surprised was he when Strauss and the gendarmes gave their accounts.

"Young man, young man," said Inspector Baumgarten, laying down his pen, and fixing his eyes sternly upon the prisoner, "this is pretty work for Christmas morning; why have you done this thing?"

"God knows!" cried Von Schlegel, covering his face with his hands and dropping the hatchet. A change had come over him, his fury and excitement were gone, and he seemed utterly prostrated with grief.

"You have rendered yourself liable to a strong suspicion of having committed the other murders."

"No, no, God forbid!" cried Von Schlegel.

"At least, you are guilty of attempting the life of Herr Leopold Strauss."

"The dearest friend I have," groaned Otto.

"His being your friend makes your crime ten times more heinous," said the inspector severely. "Remove him for the remainder of the night to the—— But steady! Who come here?"

The door was pushed open, and a man came into the room, so haggard and care worn that he looked more like a ghost than a human being. He tottered as he walked, and had to clutch at the backs of the chairs as he approached the inspector's desk. It was hard to recognize in this miserable looking object the once cheerful and rubicund sub-curator of the museum and privat-docent of chemistry, Herr Schlessinger.

"Good-morning, mein Herr," said Inspector Baumgarten; "you are up early. No doubt you have heard that one of your students, Von Schlegel, is arrested for attempting the life of Leopold Strauss?"

"No; I have come for myself," said Schlessinger, speaking huskily, and putting his hand up to his throat. "I have come to ease my soul of the weight of a great sin, though, God knows, an unmeditated one. It was I who—— But, merciful heavens! there it is—the horrid thing! Oh, that I had never seen it."

He shrank back in a paroxysm of terror, glaring at the silver hatchet where it lay upon the floor, and pointing at it with his emaciated hand.

"There it lies!" he yelled. "Look at it! It has come to condemn me. See that brown rust on it! Do you know what that is? That is the blood of my dearest, best friend, Professor Von Hopstein. I saw it gush over the very handle as I drove the blade through his brain. Mein Gott, I see it now!"

"Sub-inspector Winkel," said Baumgarten, endeavoring to preserve his official austerity "you will arrest this man, charged on his own confession with the murder of the late Professor. I also deliver into your hands Von Schlegel here, charged with a murderous assault upon Herr Strauss. You will also keep this hatchet"—here he picked it up—"apparently used for both crimes."

Wilhelm Schlessinger had been leaning against the table, with a face ashy paleness. As the inspector ceased speaking, he looked up excitedly.

"What did you say?" he cried. "Von Schlegel attack Strauss! The two dearest friends in college! I slay my old master! It is magic, I say; it is a charm! There is a spell upon us! It is— Ah, I have it! It is that hatchet—that thrice accursed hatchet!" and he pointed convulsively at the weapon which Inspector Baumgarten still held in his hand.

The inspector smiled contemptuously.

"Restrain yourself, mein Herr," he said. "You do but make your case worse by such wild excuses for the wicked deed. Magic and charms are not known in the legal vocabulary, as my friend Winkel will assure you."

"I know not," remarked his sub-inspector, shrugging his broad shoulders. "There are many strange things in the world. Who knows but that——"

"What!" roared Inspector Baumgarten furiously. "You would undertake to contradict me! You would set up your own opinion! You would be the champion of these accursed murderers! Fool, miserable fool, your hour has come!" and rushing at the astounded Winkel, he dealt a blow at him with the silver hatchet which would certainly have justified his last assertion had it not been that, in his fury, he overlooked the lowness of the rafters above his head. The blade of the hatchet struck one of these, and remained there quivering, while the handle was splintered into a thousand pieces.

"What have I done?" gasped Baumgarten, falling back into his chair. "What have I done?"

"You have proved Herr Schlessinger's words to be correct," said Von Schlegel, stepping forward, for the astonished policeman had let go their grasp of him. "Against reason, science, and everything else though it be, there is a charm at work. But, see, what is that?"

Right in the centre of the room was lying a thin brown cylinder of parchment. One glance at the fragments of the handle of the weapon showed that it had been hollow. This roll of paper had apparently been hidden away inside the metal case thus formed, having been introduced through a small hole, afterwards soldered up. Von Schlegel opened the document. The writing upon it was almost illegible from age; but as far as they could make out it stood thus, in mediæval German:

"Diese Waffe benutzte Max von Erlichingen um Joanna Bodeck zu ermorden, deshalb beschuldige ich, Johanna Bodeck, mittelst der Macht, welche mir als Mitglied des Concils des rothen Kreuzes verliehen wurde, dieselbe mit dieser Unthat. Mag sie anderen denselben Schmerz verursachen, den sie mir verursacht hat. Mag jede Hand, die sie ergreift, mit dem Blut eines Freundes geröthet sein."

OUR SOCIETY.

"Immer ubel- niemals gut
Geröthet mit des Freundes Blut."

Which may be roughly translated :

"This weapon was used by Max von Erlichingen for the murder of Johanna Bodeck. Therefore do I, Johann Bodeck, accurse it by the power which has been bequeathed to me as one of the Council of the Rosy Cross. May it deal to others the grief it has dealt to me! May every hand that grasps it be reddened in a friend's blood!

Ever evil, never good,
Reddened in a loved one's blood."

There was a dead silence in the room when Von Schlegel had finished spelling out this strange document.

"No such proof is needed, old friend," said Strauss. "At the very moment that you struck at me I forgave you. I well know that if the poor Professor were in the room he would say as much to Herr Schlessinger."

"Gentlemen," remarked the inspector, standing up and resuming his official tones, "this affair, strange as it is, must be treated according to rule and precedent. Sub-inspector Winkel, as your superior officer, I command you to arrest me upon a charge of murderously assulting you. You will commit me to prison for the night, together with Herr von Schlegel and Herr Wilhelm Schlessinger. We shall take our trial at the coming sitting of the judges. In the mean time take care of that piece of evidence"—pointing to the piece of parchment—"and, while I am away, devote your time and energy to utilizing the clue you have obtained in discovering who it was who slew Herr Schiffer, the Bohemian Jew."

The one missing link in the chain of evidence was soon supplied. On the 28th of December the wife of Reinmann, the janitor, coming into the bedroom after a short absence, found her husband hanging lifeless from a hook in the wall. On the table was a note in which he confessed to the murder of Schiffer the Jew, adding that the deceased had been his oldest friend, and that he had slain him without premeditation, in obedience to uncontrollable impulse. Remorse and grief had driven him to self-destruction; and he ended his confession by commending his soul to the mercy of Heaven.

The trial which ensued was one of the strangest which ever occurred in the whole history of jurisprudence. It was in vain that the prosecuting counsel urged the improbability of the explanation offered. The chain of facts was too strong, and the prisoners were unanimously acquitted. "This silver hatchet," remarked the judge in his summing up, "has hung untouched upon the wall in the mansion of the Graf von Schulling for nearly two hundred years. The shocking manner in which he met his death at the hands of his favorite house-steward is still fresh in your recollection. It has come out in evidence that, a few days before the murder, the steward had overhauled the old weapons and cleaned them. In doing this he must have touched the handle of this hatchet. Immediately afterward he slew his master, whom he had served faithfully for twenty years. I invite your most careful consideration, gentlemen of the jury, to this chain of facts, knowing that you will find a verdict according to your conscience, without fear or favor."

Perhaps the most interesting piece of evidence was this of Dr. Langemann, the eminent medico-jurist :

"I am not so sure, gentlemen, that there is need to fall back upon necromancy or the black art for an explanation of what has occurred. What I say is merely extraordinary: every suggestion may be of value. The Rosicrucians, to whom allusion is made in this paper, were the most profound chemists of the early Middle Ages, and included the principal alchemists, whose names have descended to us. Much as chemistry has advanced, there are some points in which the ancients were ahead of us, and in none more so than in the manufacture of poisons of subtle and deadly action. This man, Bopeck, as one of the elders of the Rosicrucians, possessed, no doubt, the recipe of many such mixtures, some of which, like the *aqua tofana* of the Medicis, would poison by penetrating through the pores of the skin. It is conceivable that the handle of this silver hatchet has been anointed by some preparation which is a diffusible poison, having the effect upon the human body of bringing on sudden and acute attacks of homicidal mania. In such attacks it is well known that the madman's rage is turned against those whom he loved best when sane. I have no proof to support me in my theory, and simply give it for what it is worth."

With this extract from the speech of the learned professor, we close the account of this famous trial.

Mrs. Bandbox: "You said the train I should take leaves at 10 30, didn't you?"

Booking Clerk: "Yes, madam; and I think I've told your that ten times already."

"Yes, I know you have, but my little boy says he likes to hear you talk."



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Correspondence.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND.

To the Editor of "Our Society."

I am not sufficiently egotistical to think I can criticize the book published by General Booth, under the above title. There is no doubt but that it is an extraordinary book; its elements must command the attention and sympathy of all, but it seems to me the contents have come too much like a bomb shell on a beleaguered city.

Gen. Booth's idea is, to say the least, magnificent; but the mode of carrying out, he must allow ought, not only for his own sake, but also for the satisfaction of all, to be placed in the hands of a representative committee. Do not for one moment think that I doubt Gen. Booth's honesty or his good intentions; yet it is a fact that we, in investing money, whether for charitable purposes or otherwise, do like to have some records of how and by whom our money is spent. By Gen. Booth's refusal to give a balance sheet of the Salvation Army receipts and expenditure, it cannot be gainsaid but that he has laid himself open to perhaps unfair criticism; this being so, however just his cause, however eloquent his pen, and however good his intentions, how can he come forward with such a gigantic scheme, bearing not only the moral but also the financial onus on his own shoulders? Gen. Booth has shewn us that, as a commander, he is a Wellington and Napoleon rolled into one, a Von Moltke as a strategist, and a Disraeli as a tactician; but now he is not only trying to rule the class these several men did, but is appealing to the whole world to aid him in the attempt. Although Gen. Booth claims he has saved so many souls, still we in our conservative way may think that souls are not always saved by the beating of drums or the clanging of cymbals, therefore we ask, however high may be the aim of the General, is it for the good of the poor? We who are not of his flock cannot be expected to put our hands in our pockets with such freedom as we should, were he to guarantee us a strict return of how our substance is spent. It is a very easy thing for a man to ask for a million of money sterling—I could do that—but it is a very different thing to collect that amount. Gen. Booth, being what he is, may do so, but I doubt it. Up to the present time he has simply got his funds from his own followers, while now he appeals to a far greater majority, and a majority too who have laughed him and his followers to scorn! Above I notice I have put a query after poor.

Now, sir, in answer to this I would ask, "Has Gen. Booth or his emissaries yet found out, in London or England, who are the really poor? No, he and they have not! Granted they go to the Thames Embankment, Waterloo Bridge, and interview those taking *sista* there, and quote what these members of society please to say, what does it amount to? Nothing! Why has each one the same tale. "I ain't got a fardin, sir!"—because they, one and all, have spent that last farthing in gin. Mr. Editor, it is not that class that want help; they can always earn an honest living if they like; it is those who are educated, too weak to do hard work, and too refined to ask for help—they die! Gen. Booth wots not of it, oh no: he picks up the waifs and strays.

And now to Gen. Booth's scheme. In the first place my experience of the class that this gentlemen wishes to reform and replant in foreign lands leads me to ask the question: "Whether he has asked each one individually if he wished to be placed in such a Utopia as the author of 'Darkest England' places before him?" Gen. Booth's system of discipline is unrivalled, but after all it is only religious discipline. How it would work afterwards is only a matter of surmise.

You can see perfectly plain by that what Rev. Mr. King told me to do in the matter of religion I should do; it is a matter of—well—voluntary submission to an authority. This is not to say that if even he told me to walk backwards, swing a flag, and perform other gyrations of this kind, I should do it:—not at all; but then he is far too sensible to ask it of me.

It is rather hard to ask the question: "Is this, on the face of it, Mendicancy under the cloak of Religion?" Now, this has been thoroughly threshed out before, but it has never reached the vast proportions that this venture has. Gen. Booth must remember that even in his wonderfully well-drilled army there have been deserters, and worse; and the question is, who will be befriended most, those who have stayed by him, or those who have been led astray? Gen. Booth says he wants recruits for this work; how can he expect to get them when he amalgamates the money for the purpose proposed with the funds of the Salvation Army? However much we might like to help the one, our conscience will not allow us to help the other. I am afraid, sir, I have trespassed upon your space to far too great an extent, but in closing I would ask you still one more question: "If Darkest England is in such a state as depicted, ought not government to have come in to investigate matters in place of General Booth?"

UBIQUE.

It happens that we have just finished reading "Darkest England" ourselves, and had intended to add one to the many reviews of it already published. Our correspondent has certainly anticipated us, but we thank him for it, and take the opportunity of answering some of the queries he puts to us, until some one else can be induced to treat the subject more exhaustively. The kernel of "Ubique's" diatribe is just this,—that he does not think that General Booth has any right to undertake the management of a million pounds of public money. This is the standpoint taken long ago by Mr. Labouchère, and we cannot see that it is a very practical one. If people voluntarily choose to trust a man with their money, and are content to ask for no account of it, there is no more to be said on the subject. "Truth" had more reason on his side than "Ubique" has. When a man collects small sums from a large number of very poor people, who are hardly capable of looking after their own interests, there is something to be said in favour of the educated class stepping in and demanding a regular balance sheet; but when it is to the moneyed men of the country that the appeal is made, it rests with themselves to decide whether to respond or not, and each man has a perfect right to decide for himself without being called a fool by his neighbours. Now, General Booth has had a long period of probation, and has by his personal exertions created a body of workers who are revolutionizing the slums throughout the world. He has started a great scheme of social reform, and has shown, beyond a doubt, that it has worked well; he asks now for money to extend that scheme. We do not see anything unreasonable in that. Even "Ubique" acknowledges General Booth's wonderful powers of organization, and the greatness of the scheme, and yet he would take the matter out of the hands of the only man in the world who has proved his capacity for it, and put it into the hands of a committee, forsooth! The tendency of this democratic age, truly,—to watch a really great man work up a great idea, and then pick his brains and hand them over to a committee to muddle on with!

To return to our mutton, meaning "Ubique,"—what does he

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mean by his remark about the saving of souls by beating of drums, etc.? General Booth started as a parson, and he does not mean to go back on his cloth: and quite right, too. At the same time he has chosen the least dogmatical form of Christianity, and clothed it with a ritual designed to touch the lowest class. It certainly tended at the same time to disgust the upper class, which is bigoted, as all classes are; and it was here that the General fought against fearful odds. For years he was jeered at by the general public, and respectable clergy were ashamed to hold out the hand of fellowship to him. When they did, it was the best and most enlightened among them that did so first; which was a sure sign to those who watched of the success that came afterwards. And now we find even infidels subscribing to the new fund, which is a sign of something else which does not seem to come within the scope of "Ubique's" vision. The proposed scheme is essentially a social scheme, and as such must appeal to all men who think or care for any but themselves; it is a mere accident that a Christian has invented it, and a detail that he insists on coupling with it the teaching of a very broad form of Christianity. And as to those whom our correspondent considers the "really poor," this is the only plan hitherto suggested by which they will eventually find relief. If once the colony of workers is established and begins to grow, there will be a great demand for educated people, as there is in all large communities; and there will certainly be no difficulty in meeting the demand from the ranks of those too proud to beg, who are now practically unaided by any except the churches. In the conclusion of his letter "Ubique" evidently forgets that the General's system is a living thing—it is the Salvation Army that has made it, and must carry it on, if it is to be carried on. People in Canada do not know what is meant by the "very poor," it is past their conception. Those who wish to get a first idea can do so by reading "Darkest England"; but even there they will find it hard to realize the actual state of things that General Booth is trying to remedy. "Ubique" is no political economist, or he would not talk in such a free-and-easy way of Government taking over the execution of the plan.

The only sensible thing Government *could* do, would be to hand over a million pounds to the General and leave him to do what he thinks best with it. It would be a cheap investment, even if its success were only partial. There are many other points raised by our friend "Ubique," particularly his talk about "conscience." If he had said that some peoples' cranks might prevent them from aiding any social scheme with a Salvation Army man at its head, he would be talking sense; but we entirely fail to see that "conscience" has anything at all to do with the matter. But we have said enough; we do not apologize, if we have talked sensibly at all, for surely this is the burning question of the day, before even Imperial Federation, which supports a larger paper than ours, year in and year out.

Au revoir, Ubique, et bon repos.

To the Editor of "Our Society":

Sir.—Elizabeth de la Bere's letter, in your last issue, so far as it referred to "J. R. L.," was somewhat amusing, notwithstanding your correspondent's mistakes, which you will doubtless allow me to correct.

First.—"J. R. L." is not a "Southern woman," but a Scotch man, a lineal descendant of one Robert the Bruce, if a genealogy sent him some years ago by his cousin Stewart A. Lithgow, Deputy Surgeon General, is correct.

Second.—"J. R. L." is not "an Agnostic, or something of that sort," as Elizabeth says she "thinks" he is, nor does he "write against the Church"; on the contrary, he has always in his letters on Scriptural topics sought to maintain the divine authority of the Bible and show its teaching. Firstly, your lady correspondent, if indeed a lady, while affirming that she "never reads" J. R. L.'s writings, singularly adds that she "knows" he quotes the Bible "most inappropriately." How can she know this if she never reads his writings? Does a lady draw such long bows as clearly does Elizabeth de la Bere?

Yours respectfully,

J. R. LITGOW.

January 5.

Theatrical Notes.

The Adelphi drama, *The Bells of Haslemere*, was presented for the first time in Halifax at the Academy on Monday by the Lytell Company. The audience was only moderately large, but they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers.

The plot cannot be justly said to be exceptionally strong; the characters are the old familiar friends of the trans-pontine drama—the unsophisticated squire, his trustful, confiding lady-love, the unjust steward (who existed long before the days of melodrama), the plug-hat villain (essentially a modern creation), the usual crowd of village rustics, who love their squire better than their beer.

To Mr. Jas. L. Edwards fell the part of the hero, Frank Beresford, Squire of Haslemere. During the first two acts there was nothing distinctive in his acting, in fact he was J. L. Edwards rather than the Squire of Haslemere, but when the scene changed to the Southern States of Uncle Sam's domain, he forgot himself, and shewed considerable dramatic power, especially in the Cane Brake scene. Mr. Edwards here shewed us what he can do. Thorndyke, the steward, ought not to have let his villainy be so apparent. His manner would have given rise to suspicion in the mind of a man even less guiltless than the Squire of Haslemere. Captain Salem was a far more truthful rendering, doing credit to Mr. A. D. Beebe, who doubled the parts. Mr. W. H. Lytell's Reuben Armstrong was the best bit of acting he has yet shewn us, except, perhaps, his portrayal of the Jew in *The World*. A word must be said for Mr. Thos. Morgan, who, as Toby the nigger, kept the house in roars of laughter.

Miss Laura Alberta was natural as Evelyn, the miller's sister, and free from that affectation that generally clings to similar parts. Miss Celeste was a charming little Nora, and well deserved the double encore her singing gained her. Miss Burt was lively and amusing as Dorothy, Reuben Armstrong's sweet heart, and afterwards his wife. Miss Catherine Good played Mary Northcote with her usual accustomed earnestness.

The special scenery used in the play was highly creditable to the artist, Mr. John Hilyard; especial mention may perhaps be made of the river scene in rear of the Planter's House in Act III. and the Mill Race in Act IV. From some reason or other the performance seemed to hang slightly every now and again, but in the more exciting portions of the play the interest was well sustained.

JUNIOR IRVING.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

An English paper devoted to Volunteers has the following paragraph in the issue of 27th December:—

"They are taking time by the forelock in Canada, as the Volunteers out there are already discussing the question as to who is to captain the Bisley team in 1891. It seems to be the turn, according to the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, for the Dominion team to be commanded by an officer from the Province of Nova Scotia. But there is a feeling abroad that the commander of a team of riflemen at the largest rifle meeting in the world should have some other qualifications for the post than those he may possess in virtue of such an accidental circumstance as geographical location."

Our Volunteers can afford to smile.

Teacher: "Now, can any of the pupils tell me what is meant by the nave of the church?"

Bright Boy: "The man who takes up the collection."

New York Jottings.

THE new venture of the Duke of Marlborough, that of going into the coal and iron business, will, if he should succeed in securing the necessary capital, go a great way towards raising him in the estimation of conscientious people. There are eccentric individuals in this world who would prefer to shake the patrician hand of his grace grimy with coal dust, than sparkling with diamonds paid for with the Hammersley millions. Unfortunately for the nobleman's project, the duchess does not look upon it with sufficient favor to encourage and further the scheme with any of her wealth. The reason for this may be a lack of faith in the ultimate success of the affair, but I rather think her diffidence in the matter is more due to the fact that neither she nor her dual husband are overburdened with a superfluous amount of spare cash at the present moment. Be that as it may, the duke has gone to London for the express purpose of influencing English capital into the enterprise, and I have not the slightest doubt that he will succeed in so doing, in which case he will be able to turn his literary talents to account by writing circulars and price lists and mailing them to McAllister's 400, who would of course, prefer dealing with The Marlborough Coal and Kindling Wood Co. (Limited) to any plebeian concern in the business.

THOSE who know Chicago are often amused at the airs of superiority which the North Side people assume over those of the south and west divisions of the city, and the same spirit is carried with them even when abroad. A resident of Dearborn avenue, one of the sweetest and most dignified of women, while viewing the interior of the Cathedral at Milan, for instance, was approached most courteously by an gentleman of fine appearance, who, hat in hand, began: "I beg your pardon, madame, but are you not an American?" The reply was in the affirmative, and the question followed: "And do you not live in Chicago?" Again she answered "yes," while with quiet persistency her interlocutor asked: "And may I know in what part of the city?" I can quite imagine the air of satisfaction with which she answered "The North Side." "Ah, Madame, do you not live near Lincoln Park?" This was too much, and yet human nature—feminine human nature, at least—could not resist saying that her home was in that favored locality.

Her indignation knew no bounds, and a little red spot began to burn on either cheek when the fascinating stranger, in a low and impressive voice, murmured seductively, "Near the lower or upper end of the park?" Nervous, and yet half phased with his audacity, she tried to steady her voice while she said, "the upper end," and fancy, if you will, the self-control required of her to turn quietly and calmly and walk away in all the dignity she could command as she heard, in a soft and musical tone, "I only wanted to know—because—I keep the banana stand at the lower end of the park, and I hoped Madame might remember me as she drives past."

A SOMEWHAT revolutionary change has come over the spirit of clubdom of late with reference to the time-honored antagonistic attitude toward the fair sex. A few years ago the idea of admitting a woman to any of the privileges of the club-house would have caused the indictment of the guilty clubman for heresy. The change has been gradual, although the announcements of conversion now fall thick and fast. The admission of ladies to the monthly art-receptions at the Union League was a notable step forward in this respect, as was also the annual ladies' day at the D. K. E. The cards subsequently issued to ladies for the monthly receptions at the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs were another gain for femininity, to whom the walls of clubdom had been theretofore a sealed book. Gradually in this way the fair sex seems to have, upon one pretext or another, gotten a peep within the confines of almost every club in town. The Abline Club and the Southern Society are among those which

have but recently concluded to extend to ladies during certain stipulated hours the courtesies of the club-house. The Union Club, when its new extension is completed, is, I am informed, to make a special rule for the admission of ladies to its limits, and the Union League, had it rented the adjoining property, would have brought forward the idea of admitting the fair sex, when properly credentialed, to the annex. At the Lawyer's Club, to the other privileges is added the delights of a marble bath, if the ladies desire to lave as guests of the club.

THE new Montauk Club house of Brooklyn has been especially built with a view of setting apart certain portions of the edifice for the use of the wives and female relatives of members. The Hamilton Club already opens its doors to the ladies, and now the iron-bound rule of the conservative Brooklyn Club is, I am told, to be set aside and a series of "Ladies Days" will occur during the coming season. It looks altogether as if the masculine halo of mystery so long dominant in clubdom was to be swept entirely away.

WHEN it leaves the discussion of politics the New York Sun is wise, witty, interesting, and a credit to the venerable genius that presides over its destinies. On Tuesday Mr. Dana, or one of his sagacious lieutenants, put forward an effective and suggestive editorial on the subject of a woman's privilege to leave her husband when life with him became intolerable and she could lift herself to a nobler plane by getting away from his society. That a man of Mr. Dana's power of reasoning should concede a woman's right to preserve her self-respect and her happiness by refusing to submit to a tyranny or a love that oppressed her is no surprise to me, and he is to be praised for having presented in his newspaper a dispassionate and gentle explanation of the divorce question as it confronts us to-day, in which he tacitly admits that not only do the church and state draw the lines too close about wives, but that it is eminently proper that people unhappily wedded should exert themselves to overleap these lines and gain their freedom.

It would be one of the most absorbing and gratifying essays that has appeared in the columns of a daily newspaper during many years if Mr. Dana would explicitly, and with greater personal assertion, discuss at length the question of divorce in New York. From his recent article it is seen that he is aware of a sentiment arising and beginning to flourish here, that points to a radical change in the general position taken by the people upon the subject of martial laws. His newspaper says:

THOUGH the church was never bitterer than now in its denunciation of divorce for any cause, or for any cause save one, social sentiment, as expressed by the conduct of the leaders of fashion, is tolerant of divorce obtained by women simply to repair "an error in being married." Yet the sentiment which rules fashionable society is the sentiment of women, usually so much under the influence of the church, and always distinguished for their conservatism.

A MAN of eloquence, culture and wisdom, such as Mr. Dana is, might well have gone on to argue the question of how far the church is wrong in condemning women to abide by a mistake, through every species of physical and spiritual torture, and how far the people are right in rebelling against its edict. We must all know of cases where life is reduced to a revolting slavery because the slave has not the courage to oppose the pitiless command of the church; and we likewise have seen a fiendish bondage lifted and a soul saved because someone concerned had the bravery and moral sense to defy the conservative regulations by which matrimonial misery is enforced in this locality. Because a despicable, cowardly, incompetent and offensive man may prevent a wife from divorcing herself from the yoke he imposes on her, it would be well if Charles A. Dana, and men of his judgment, would attack the shame of it, and endeavor to bring it into the light of a greater philosophy than we yet recognize.

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English Jottings.

THE death of Dean Church is the extinction of a great clerical and literary light, for he was most truly described as "the most perfect flower of English scholarship and Christian culture among all our living men." Throughout his long life, Church was beloved by all who knew him; and he is the only prominent man among Mark Pattison's contemporaries at Oxford who is not abused or derided in the late Rector of Lincoln's snarling Memoirs. It was really a great triumph for Church that he should have earned the hearty admiration of a man so different from himself in every possible way as Pattison, who, although Church won an Oxford fellowship at an election when Pattison was among the rejected candidates, actually described his successful rival as having so much "moral beauty" in his character that he could not grudge him his victory, and he also praised with enthusiasm Church's rare abilities and accomplishments.

Dean Church was the most retiring of men. He refused canonries and bishoprics over and over again when he was rector of Whateley, a little parish in Somersetshire; and, in 1871, Mr. Gladstone (who had then been one of his intimate friends and one of his greatest admirers for thirty years) had the greatest possible difficulty in inducing him to accept the Deanery of St. Paul's. It proved a most successful appointment, for the quiet country gentleman discovered himself to be a most admirable organizer and administrator, and he was "thorough" in everything which he undertook. It was impossible for anybody to quarrel with Dean Church, but he had an iron hand under his velvet glove, and he was a man of very keen insight.

The opening of this year witnessed another move towards the introduction of intercolonial penny postage. Three Treasury warrants were gazetted, reducing the rate of postage to 2½d. between Great Britain and (i.) West Coast of Africa, (ii.), British Guiana, Windward and Leeward Islands, and (iii.), Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. It is only the Colonies themselves that stand in the way of a further reduction, as it would probably mean a large deficit in the post office balance sheet for several years to come. In the long run it would almost certainly pay.

There is some hope yet of seeing decent sketches in our Fashions' books. The present deadly flatness of the figures is due to the painful fact that many young ladies think they can draw, while very few can, and these few are not likely to be found on the staff of a ladies' paper. Mr. Henry Blackburn is starting a school in London for "Instruction in Drawing for the Press," in which he proposes to teach young ladies to draw clearly, firmly, and neatly, in pen and ink. May his shadow never grow less!

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APOLOGY FOR WOMAN.

We 'low that woman war made from a rib
 Of Adam's, but shucks! Her brains
 Are higglety-picklety, kos odds and e-ends
 Fixed up from his remains;
 But - the Lord made 'em.

It war by accident, though, we air thinkin';
 He can't be proud of the job
 With sech tongues as they have been given
 Ter gossip an' scold an' sob;
 But - the Lord made 'em.

It war a woman, ye know, who gossiped
 In Eden with Satan hissef;
 They're just plump sure to spread all the news
 An' make it 'fore they're lef';
 But - the Lord made 'em.

Taint safe to trest wimmin with nuthin';
 Tell everythin' they know;
 For they hain't got no sense ter reason
 An' do change their minds so;
 But - the Lord made 'em.

They sets tharselves up on principle,
 Frustratin' of the men;
 'Gainst jestic and emy enjoyment.
 Nine of 'em out o' ten;
 But - the Lord made 'em.

They're so unreasonable, thar answer is
 "Because 'tis" to every why.
 Some acts one way, an' some another;
 We 'uns can't track 'em - don't try;
 But - the Lord made 'em.

They give thar advice ez confident
 Ez if nuthin' here on yearth
 War half as precious, an' think it's spirin'
 That we 'uns shake with mirth;
 But - the Lord made 'em.

Yet- talk of foolin' - why a spindlin' snip
 O' a gal will fool a man
 That's six feet high an' two hundred poun'
 About emythin'. She can;
 For - the Lord made 'em

Eugene Field.

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CHURCH NOTICES.

(We should be glad to get notices from the other city churches of all denominations, if they can be sent in before Thursday noon of each week.—Eds.)

Services for Sunday (Jan. 11th.)

ST. GEORGES CHURCH, Full Communion at 8 o'clock; morning prayer and sermon, 11 o'clock; (preacher, Rev. Mr. Belless); Evensong at 7 o'clock, (Dr. Partridge); Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

ST. ANDREW'S, (PRESBYTERIAN), Rev. D. M. Gordon, Usual Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Bible Class (conducted by Principal Mackay, A. M.), and Sabbath School, at 3 P. M.

GARRISON CHAPEL, 11 A. M., Parade Service, (Rev. F. Norman Lee), 3 P. M., Childrens' Service. 7 P. M., Full Choral Service with Anthem, (Rev. Dr. Bullock).

ST. LUKE'S CATHEDRAL. Usual Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

ST. PAUL'S, (CHURCH OF ENGLAND), (Rev. Dyson Hague), Usual Services at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M.

ARRIVALS.

Col. O'Brien, R. E., and Mrs. O'Brien.
Sir James Holme, Aylesford, Halifax Hotel.
Lieut. Grant, R. N., from Bermuda.

DEPARTURES.

Rev. W. B. King, for New York, Thursday.

WANTED.—A lady help, willing to assist in the management of every department in a large household. Apply EDITOR (S), Cambridge House.

WANTED.—Housemaid, for a lady at the N. W. Arm. Days out as in town, and 'bus fares paid.

WANTED.—At least two good housemaids, for ladies in town.

FOUND.—A silver bracelet, left after a dance in Morris St, last week.

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- 4.—Language Department, for Foreigners wishing to learn English.
- 5.—Childrens' Class (held in the House).
- 6.—Dancing.
- 7.—Music.

The Staff comprises:—3 resident and 1 non-resident English Master. Professor of French and German, Resident Dancing and Music Mistresses; and Drawing and Painting Mistress. Another English University man, to take the place of Mr. Tayler, will be out shortly.

The School re-opens this week.